

# POLITICS ADJOURNED



*"Since first this subject for heroic song  
Pleased me."*



# POLITICS ADJOURNED

BY

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WITH INTRODUCTORY REMARKS

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“Divided empire with Heaven’s king I hold  
By thee, and more that half perhaps will reign;  
As man ere long, and this new World, shall know.”

---

“Thy hope was to have reached  
The height of thy aspiring unopposed.”

---

“Among those friendly Powers who him received  
With joy and acclamations loud.”





## THE OCTOPUS

---

"What seemed his head  
The likeness of a kingly crown had on."

---

Deep in a cavernous recess  
Within the coral columnate,  
White as the palace of Democracy  
Or tomb of Mogul queen,  
In watchful waiting lurked  
The Octopus.  
No wider vision had the cold dead eyes  
Than that of Self  
And to itself to clutch in strangling tentacles  
All that might yield of power and strength  
Devoured and absorbed  
Into itself.  
Such was the fate of such as came too near  
In trust and confidence.  
When came an enemy  
Out from the cavern swept a tide  
Of fetid ink  
And blinded him.  
And when it cleared away  
Still glowed the cold dead eyes  
Within the darkened solitude where lurked  
The Octopus.

## THE STAMPEDERS

---

"To graze the herb all leaving  
Devoured each other; nor stood much in awe of man."

---

Now is the sixth long year  
Since first the hungry kine  
From out Potomac came  
To graze upon the fatness  
Of the Promised Land.  
All hungers drive to leadership,  
Of kine, or swine,  
Or men,  
And so it was there came  
First splashing to the shore  
A cross-bred Galloway  
And locoed western steer  
Nigh neck and neck  
But Galloway as Leader of the Herd,  
A Texan dogie making place for him.  
Close at their heels  
A band of Holsteins plunged  
With loud Teutonic bellowings  
At sight of fields to devastate and gorge.  
Then with an interval  
Between this leadership and them  
Came stock of registry,  
Of grade,  
Ungraded,  
And stray mavericks  
Self-branded with the mystic  
"D"  
To give them brotherhood  
And pasturage,  
But all alike  
In famined hungriness.  
Come to the fields  
They fed,  
And as they made the fatness of them  
Theirs  
It stuck on the thin ribs  
Turned sleek

And swelled them,  
Till they saw themselves  
Such kine as never were.  
The Locoed One  
Swelled fat too visibly  
With meat and pride  
Filling the eyes of Galloway and Texan  
Far too full of his resplendency,  
And so they horned him  
Outcast  
From the herd  
To starve again.  
This did he not,  
But ranging wide  
Crops close,  
Roaring like caponned sucking dove  
Of War  
And waxes blubberous.  
Then came the howls of wolves  
In neighbor fields.  
"Feed on," the Holsteins lowed.  
"We are not here  
In perpetuity."  
And back into the lush the muzzles went,  
Intent on further fattening.  
Then howled the wolves again  
And up, wild-eyed, the heads  
Through all the herd.  
"Feed on," the Holsteins echoed once again.  
"They are good wolves. We knew them  
In the Fatherland."  
To which the Galloway and Texan  
Gave their nod  
While Jerseys, Guernseys, and the sturdy Herefords  
Shook their horned heads  
And pawed the ground.  
Once more the wolves;  
Once more the Holsteins echoed them;  
"They are three thousand miles away—"  
But even as they spoke  
One wandered from the herd  
Lurched up to it

And died,  
Hot entrails hanging from the savage gash  
That disemboweled it.  
Then panic-stricken went the herd  
And milled,  
Running in circles  
First this way, then that,  
Until at length  
The Galloway and Texan  
Found their place of leadership  
Behind the hindermost.  
Then did the Herefords first make a stand,  
The Jerseys and the Guernseys at their sides,  
And to the Galloway—  
“Now take you place as Head of Herd  
In front.  
We stand behind you.”  
“Nay,” the Holsteins voiced,  
“But watch and wait,  
And waiting  
Feed again.”  
And at the Texan’s silent nod  
In seconding of this  
His own perturbed and half dazed purposing  
He stumbled to the front a pace or so  
To watch  
With eyes all visionless  
And wait  
On knocking knees.  
This did not serve the purpose  
Of the Channel Islanders  
And Herefords.  
“Out! out in front!  
Prepare and marshal us!”  
And goring back the Holsteins  
As they blocked the path  
Thrust out the Galloway,  
Lank Texan by his side,  
Into the open  
That the world might see  
The herd had leadership,  
And then, with figurehead set up,

Turned to  
And marshalled for themselves  
The serried phalanx  
Firm against the ravishers.  
Nor did this serve the purpose  
Of the Channel Islanders and Herefords  
For long.  
Though he who stands and waits  
May serve  
At times  
He who waits watchfully  
Proclaims he seeks  
To serve no other purpose than his own.  
That they well knew  
And this beside,  
That every marshalled phalanx is an incubus  
Upon the land that feeds it and itself  
Unless it moves ahead.  
The northern herd with clashing horns  
Went forth, an avalanche  
To serve the mother herd from whence it sprung.  
More wanderers came in  
Hamstrung and slashed,  
Bringing the blood smell nearer to the nose,  
And on the wind  
The growing reek of it  
And louder howls  
And groans and strangled cries.  
"Now lead us forth!  
It may not be  
That we, the fattest and most favored kine  
In all the world,  
Shall stand apart  
And watch the ravishment  
Of all our mother herds.  
We may not seek to still such cries  
With full-mouthed bellowings,  
So lead us with our hoofs and horns  
Against the wolves."  
"I needs must have a body guard."  
"Then choose."  
And lo,

The Holsteins were the chosen ones  
To make the pace  
In the adventuring.  
And so the pace was slow  
That still might be the given opportunity  
Of bawling down the howling of the wolves,  
To sit in bovine judgment on the world.  
Nor did this serve the purpose  
Of the Channel Islanders and Herefords,  
And thrusting to one side, contemptuous,  
The Galloway and Texan  
And the Holsteiners,  
Swept on  
And left them in the rear,  
But not ashamed.  
And joined the mother herds  
And those their milk had reared  
Against the wolves.  
Once joined they charged,  
Goring and tossing, trampling under hoof  
Until the horde was shattered into flight.  
Still do the mother herds  
And those reared on their milk  
Pursue,  
And with them at the front  
The fattest and most favored kine  
In all the world,  
Less fat  
In body and in mind  
Than when the charge began.  
And when the work is done  
And they come back again  
And find the Galloway  
Distended with the pride and power  
Of their deeds  
To such a size  
No frog would ever think  
To swell to,—  
The Texan still insatiate,  
The Holsteins sleek and smug,  
These things will serve no purpose  
Of the Channel Islanders and Herefords.

It well might seem there'd be  
Another Leader of the Herd  
Less fat with power and pride;  
No Texan,  
And that the Holsteiners would join  
The Locoed One,  
Though by presumption  
Wax less blubberous.

## THE WHEEL

### "Nine Days They Fell."

A people willed that it be free  
Of human rule  
By regal right divine  
And built itself an engine  
For its government.  
No blueprint plan had they who fashioned it  
As in these motor-driven days,  
But standing at the forge  
The engineers  
Hand wrought the parts as they evolved  
From stress and compromise  
And then assembled them  
Till stood their handiwork  
Before the world.  
Power they sought,  
And mindful of the energy  
Of vapors of high temperature  
Suppressed.  
Example by the clattering lid  
Of tea kettle,  
Built they two chambers,  
Domed, cylindrical,  
Wherein,  
The while the people stoked below  
With taxes and excise  
The heated airs and gasses 'gendered there  
Commingle each with each  
Should rise  
Translated into Law.  
Then, lest they rise too soon  
And too ungovernable  
As sometimes blew the kettle's lid,  
A group of weights was set with nicety  
As safety valve,  
Assuring Law instead of turbulence.  
With power established thus  
Then to distribute it.  
For this



A driving wheel was wrought  
To take the power needful to the ends of Law  
And pass it on  
To its machinery.  
At first  
The engine groaned  
And clanked,  
Itself unfound,  
But with some tinkering,  
And added parts,  
And lubricants,  
It worked.  
Then came a time  
It groaned again,  
And straining at the bedplate  
On its bolts  
It nigh upreared  
To fall,  
But with more tinkering,  
And added parts,  
And lubricants,  
It worked again  
More smoothly than before.  
Then went the emperors, kings, peoples of the world  
To War,  
But not the engine,  
Till its people,  
Shamed,  
Laid hands upon its futile energies  
That it should throb at last  
With the hot beating of their hearts,  
And turned the engine over  
From its sluggishness.  
Once turned  
It raced.  
In the domed cylinders  
High pressure strained,  
Jarring the nice adjustment of the weights  
But passing on fresh power  
To the wheel  
To be distributed.  
How high the guage

It mattered not;  
The wheel whirled  
"More!"  
And took the power to itself  
To whirl in dervish ecstasy,  
Avowed it would outwhirl  
The World!  
Demand begot supply  
From sheer distress,  
Until one day  
The safety valve said  
"No."  
But all too late.  
Revolving swift with planetary speed  
Up like a rocket,  
Down like the stick of it  
The wheel soared skyward  
In a great parabola  
And fell  
Flat,  
Impotent,  
Upon the world it sought to dominate.  
Whereat  
The people, Ixion unbound,  
Scrapped and made junk of it,  
And wrought another wheel  
Less revolutionary.

## THE BAKER

---

"Who into glory him received  
Where now he sits at the right hand of Bliss."

---

Upon a time in France  
In days of stress like these  
There lived a man  
Who called himself  
A King.  
The People  
Crying to him for the bread  
He gave them not  
In gamin argot of the pave  
Nicknamed him  
"Baker."  
His wife, the queen,  
In zeal for wheatless days  
Proclaimed  
"Let them eat cake,"  
And earned the brevet of  
"The Baker's wife."  
Then in due course the People's guillotine  
Cut off their heads.  
God send that we  
A People like to that  
Which voiced the Marseillaise  
If left ungagged  
In Freedom's cause  
Have courage to demand another head  
And hear it thud  
Upon the shaking platform of  
"Democracy!"

## THE HOLIDAYS

---

### "The house of woe and pain!"

---

Now does the Nation know at last  
It has a War!  
Now does it see at hand  
The loss and suffering and death  
That comes from sieges, blockades and bombardments  
Engineered by skilful foes afield  
Brought fell upon it by stupidity  
Within.  
At last wide open do the myriad eyes  
Half closed till now,  
Bedazzled by the glow of words  
Proclaimed from time to time  
For later swallowing,  
Look to the battle front  
Where chieftains take their stand  
To see the Nation's leaders there,  
And find them not.  
Behind its might arrayed  
Thin phantom shapes of men  
Twisting and turning,  
Circling hither, yon,  
Like ghosts of whirling dervishes  
Whisper and gibber through the corridors  
Of whited buildings  
Bomb and bullet proof,  
Poor wired marionettes with wires cut,  
Lieutenants of a phantom leadership.  
With but one choice,  
The Nation makes it, swift,  
And carries on,  
And with but shades to lead  
Leaps forward on the way  
Its fathers' risen ghosts point out  
To Victory.

## THE LISTENERS

---

"He seemed

For dignity composed and high exploit,  
But all was false and hollow . . . yet he pleased the ear."

---

High sat the Prophet President  
Beneath the clouds of War,  
Scions of Hebrew Kings and Judges  
At his feet,  
Magi from Middle West and Solid South  
At either hand,  
The while a blithe Hibernian bard,  
Tumultuous,  
Poised swift skilled fingers o'er the keys  
Expectant on the oracle.  
The banner of the Newest Thing in Freedoms  
Flopped,  
White as a craven's liver  
Or a well bleached skeleton  
Where once the Stars and Stripes had waved,  
While on the velvet carpet to the throne  
Columbia's royal bird, turned Democrat  
And vegetarian,  
With pinfeathers for plumes,  
Pecked at the grape nuts  
Cast by the Master's hand.  
Then roused the Prophet President.  
With frowning gaze  
Into the farthest vacuum  
He fixed the vision that he there beheld  
Upon his mind,  
And with Olympian hem and haw  
And nod  
The Seer spoke.  
As winged the words away  
A German snickered,  
Tongue stuck in his cheek.  
An Englishman drawled  
"Rot."  
A Frenchman shouted  
"Meud!"

And lost his gift of speech.  
A plain American  
Said "Hell!"  
While all the Hebrew counsellors and Magi  
Leaped from their seats  
With waving hands outspread  
Expounding and explaining  
Black was white.  
Then from the clouds  
The lightning crashed  
And to the Prophet President  
The Hebrew counsellors and Magi clung  
More tightly than before.  
More swiftly swept the fingers of the bard  
Across his instrument  
As from the oracle  
Flowed phrases and philosophies  
Snatched visioned from the void  
Again to be expounded and explained  
With hands a-wave.  
But other hands had laid upon  
The whited shroud  
And hauled it down,  
And in its place unfurled  
The Nation's battle flag.  
And seeing this  
The German looked askance,  
The while the Englishman  
And Frenchman  
And American  
Agreed to say  
"Hear! Hear!"  
"Sublime!"  
"Great Stuff!"  
To all he said  
And carry on the job they had in hand.

## STAND BEHIND THE PRESIDENT

---

"Awaiting what command their mighty chief  
Had to impose."

---

Long has the Nation now been urged  
To stand behind the President.  
Long sought the Nation room  
Behind  
To stand upon,  
And edging in at last  
It got a leverage  
And pried him out  
In front.  
Thus shoved out to his place beneath the sun  
He found it to his taste,  
And seeing near at hand  
A pedestal,  
He leaped upon it,  
Bowling, affable,  
To talk the war to death.  
Some, looking upward, dazzled by the sun,  
Thought they beheld another leader there  
And chorused loud  
The praises of his satellites.  
Some, with clear visioned eyes undimmed,  
Saw presage in his past performances  
And pressed ahead again,  
To serve their country's honor at the front,  
Leaving behind them those who claimed to serve  
By standing still  
To wait upon his nod.  
But with self-exaltation came  
A certain stiffening of spine  
Till bristled it with points belligerent  
As armament of fretful porcupine,  
And these he cast, long range,  
Upon the enemy.  
But glancing from the toughened Teuton hide  
Back home they boomeranged  
And punctured him,  
Until he stood the New Stylites

On his pedestal.  
So now united does the Nation stand  
Behind him  
On one foot,  
And with the other poised  
Await the Godsent opportunity.



DR. GARFIELD

---

**"Such implements of mischief as shall dash  
To pieces and o'erwhelm whatever stands  
Adverse."**

---

Over There our Sammy,  
Chuckling bombs from trenches,  
Takes his fun out on the Hun  
Or busts a bunch of scenery.

Over Here our Heinie,  
Throwing monkey wrenches,  
Puts three Sundays in a week  
And stops all our machinery.

## THE TEMPLE

---

"And higher yet the glorious Temple reared  
Her pile."

---

The righteous nations of the world allied  
Embattled to withstand  
Against the brutes of it  
Yet dreamed to raise a temple  
Unto Peace.  
An architect  
On parchments manifold  
Draughted a vision in the clouds  
And builded it,  
Foundation laid on fourteen pediments  
Each one engraved and protestant  
That this and that,  
The seas  
And these and those  
Were free.  
But stress and weight thuswise distributed  
Brought settlings and thrusts  
At fourteen different points,  
And so  
Before the sacred fires were lit  
The temple fell.  
New wisdom gained from out catastrophe  
With pediments reduced to four  
As corner stones  
He builded once again,  
But that most easterly  
Was rested upon sand  
The rains turned quick,  
And once again the temple  
Tilted,  
Tottered,  
Fell.  
Then on five other corner stones  
New quarried from the everlasting hills,  
Engraved with the most magic formulas  
Known to the adepts of the inner shrine  
Of politics

He builded once again.  
And came an earthquake rumbling down  
From the Carpathians  
And laid the temple low.  
Then fared the people to a battlefield  
And by a pit  
A shell, Vesuvian,  
Had made its crater, cavernous,  
They built great furnaces  
And in them cast  
The steel and iron from the battlefield,  
Lead of spent bullets,  
Copper of tangled wiring,  
And all the gold and silver in their treasures,  
And flowed the molten streams  
Into a mighty ingot  
In the pit.  
Then with a pigment of the soil of France  
Turned red indelible  
With the dear blood of their own sons  
They wrote upon the wall of it  
The one word  
VICTORY,  
And builded upon this  
The temple stood.

## **"UNLESS"**

**"For all his tedious talk is but vain boast  
Or subtle shifts conviction to evade."**

He shot an arrow in the air.  
He either did not know  
Or did not care  
About the use the cunning foe  
Might make of it  
When it should come to earth  
From soaring in the skies,  
But sped it forth.  
Then, panicked, sought to still the startled cries  
Of those who spake of it.  
Till time of need it lay  
Stored with the bombs and shells of poisoned gas  
More deadly than a serpent coiled  
Until there came the day  
When it had come to pass  
The hellish schemes were foiled.  
Then back into his face  
The schemers cast it straight,  
More swift than it had flown  
To seek to save their own,  
While nations saw their fate  
Sure destined by their swords  
Wait while he played with words  
As boys would toss their toys.  
Still would he not confess  
The mess he'd made.  
Still with his words he played  
While blazed the front,  
And sought with "merely" to make blunt  
"Unless."

## CONCESSIONAL

---

**"Who therefore seeks in these  
True wisdom finds her not."**

---

Thou who with ceaseless watch and ward  
Doth curb unruly tongue and pen,  
Who poulticeth with silences  
The fevers of our public men,  
All Silent One, do not forget!  
He'll do it yet. He'll do it yet.

The Tumults and Bakers go.  
The Houses and the Creels depart.  
Still stands against the cunning foe  
The Nation's little apple-cart,  
Down at the tail but not upset!  
He'll do it yet. He'll do it yet.

Bluff called, the echoes fade away.  
Amazed the people still inquire  
Why phrases of but yesterday  
But served to light the kitchen fire.  
All Silent One, do not forget!  
He'll do it yet. He'll do it yet.

If drunk with sight of power he think  
That Truth be visioned in mere dizziness,  
God! dam the ceaseless flow of ink,  
And teach him how to mind his business.  
All Silent One, do not forget!  
He'll do it yet. He'll do it yet.

For loyal hearts with will to serve,  
Hot with the flames of righteous wrath,  
For willing feet that will not swerve  
From their appointed chosen path,  
From foolish phrase and paltering word  
Thy Mercy on Thy People—Lord.

Amen.

## THE WAR GARDEN

"This Garden, planted with the trees of God."

An owner of rich fields  
Thought much on war and gardening,  
And though debarred by years  
From overseas activities  
Was keen to do at home  
What in him lay.  
Mindful of an adjacent training camp  
Where drilled his son  
That he in turn might drill  
A Hun,  
"I too can give 'em beans,"  
He said,  
And settled on that lentil for his crop,  
And its high destiny  
The Cantonment.  
War beans they were to be,  
Not puny pea, dwarfed, bleached,  
All snapperless,  
But red, of calibre of buckshot,  
Highest caloried,  
Nitrogenous as T. N. T. itself,  
"Mohawk" by name,  
Fit food for warriors.  
Then, that success might be assured,  
Applied he to the Government  
For one high-schooled in beans  
To take full charge.  
Down came post haste in answer to his call,  
High browed and spectacled,  
One of the chosen ones grown wise enough  
In culture of the fields  
To drop the ferrule of the pedagogue  
And turn to making hay  
While shone the Democratic sun.  
This one professed  
That he knew beans  
From pole to pod,  
A veritable Bachelor of Beans,

And entered on his ministry.  
To such an one there is no higher joy  
Than backing his own visions  
With another's cash.  
Soon in the fields appeared the latest things  
In tractors, harrows, plows;  
Manures, phosphates, nitrates,  
Condiments so rich  
As well nigh to impoverish  
The one who pays for them,  
While on the sward close by their boundaries  
Sprung up the tents  
Of scouting boys and girls,  
Fair farmerettes and tired business men,  
Where shrill Victrolas shrieked  
"The Long Long Trail" and "Over There"  
From "Colors" on to "Taps."  
Thanks to one Hiram,  
And another, Josh,  
Who'd served the owner of the fields  
And them  
Some thirty years  
The seed was sown,  
And with its latent energies set free  
Up swift the Mohawks sprung  
As if from ambush  
Or as the fabled crop from dragon's teeth.  
In the fierce warfare with their enemies,  
Moth, rust, and blight  
And all the other fifty-four varieties  
Of ills the flesh of beans is heir to  
Did they prevail,  
And in due course were harvested  
And fared them on their way  
To serve their destiny,  
Stowed in the latest thing in motor trucks,  
Professor at the wheel.  
Such was his pride in them  
His first ripe fruits of Victory  
It well had seemed  
He'd turned from Bachelor  
To fatherhood.

Uplifted was he  
As he dwelt upon the words,  
Few but well chosen,  
Which would advise the Commissary  
Of the rare gift  
Straight from the soil of Liberty,—  
And some few little things like that,  
For now the gift had come to seem  
His own.  
Upon the outskirts of the nearby town  
There thrust upon his revery  
The raucous cry of newsboy voicing loud  
The Last Reply, to date,  
To the last Chancellor  
In the last Gabfest Gotterdammerung,  
And putting on the brake  
He stooped and paid,  
And grasped the message of his master's voice.  
Sped on again,  
Eyes biased,  
Entranced by the profundity  
Which could proclaim behind  
Three question marks  
A stern imperative,  
Until the wayward eye quite failed to see  
A STOP, LOOK, LISTEN, sign  
Across a railroad track.  
So in the end did the Professor  
Spill the beans,  
Whereat he who had hired him  
Straight up and fired him.



## HAYFOOT

---

“and care  
Sat on his faded cheek but under brows  
Of dauntless courage.”

---

I guess  
    I'm kind of out'er step  
With this here war.  
    There wa'n't no use  
In sayin' I'd enlist  
    For I'd got born  
Too late for '61,  
    Too soon for '17,  
And though I'll make a day of it  
    With any of the boys 'round here  
On coonies, fox or pa'tridges—  
    And beat 'em too,—  
They keep a-goin' it  
    Day in, day out,  
While I lay off  
    Next day.  
'Sides that,  
    I couldn't chew a pumpkin pie  
Without my plate,  
    And if I busted it  
Bitin' some German  
    In the leg,  
I'd starve to death  
    Right on their hands,  
So I got shet of that idee  
    Right off.  
'Tain't natch'ral either  
    For the Perkinses  
Have always been on hand  
    In goin's-on like that  
Till me.  
    I thought there must be somethin'  
I could do  
    While crops was growin'  
To help things along,  
    So when those pesky submarines  
Got raisin' hell

I set a spell  
 And thought of a contraption I once see  
 A feller usin' fishin' on the lake  
 To keep a line off where he wanted it.  
 It worked, too,  
 So I went and whittled out  
 A model of the thing  
 And sent it on express  
 To Washington.  
 I guess it's down there yet  
 So far's I know,  
 And by gosh  
 If I lived a hundred years  
 I'd keep on sayin' it would do the job  
 In proper hands.  
 Then Sarah got this knittin' fever,  
 Bad,  
 And plugged away on sweaters and the like  
 To keep the soldiers warm.  
 Now any man who's ever run a fox  
 And shivered on a runway on a hill  
 In January  
 Knows  
 You'll freeze to death in spite of all the wool  
 Off fifty sheep  
 When just a jumper  
 And a layer of hide  
 Will keep you warm.  
 So when I see, some back  
 They'd took the sheepskin coats  
 Off'n the boys in camp  
 Say's I,  
 Here's somethin' that I KNOW,  
 And I wrote a letter showin' plain  
 Just how it was  
 And sent it on to Washington,  
 But somehow I 'ain't heard as how the boys  
 Have got their coats again.  
 Last Sunday I was glad  
 I had on mine.  
 My boy come up to say good by  
 Before he went to camp

And brought along a magazine  
 That offered a big prize for some new words  
     The Country p'raps could use  
 For a new song.  
     Wal, I've been writin' verses for the Grange  
 And funerals and weddin's and such times  
     For forty years  
 And so I wrote 'em some  
     And sent 'em on.  
 But somehow I 'ain't heard  
     The Country singin' of 'em  
 Yet.  
 Then there's the 'taters.  
     When come spring  
 Seed was as high as Haman ever hung,  
     But aimin' help along  
 I planted all I had  
 And went in debt  
     For more,  
 And put 'em in on new ploughed ground,  
 And cultivated 'em,  
     And sprayed 'em,  
 Fought the bugs  
     And barreled 'em,  
 And now they stand me in  
 Jest forty cents a bushel  
     Out.  
 One thing I did do,—  
     Two things come to think—  
 I got two bonds,  
     One Sarah's,  
     One for me.  
 It ain't no job to lend your cash  
     Most any time.  
 But there ain't no sense talkin',  
     If you're goin' to War  
 You've gotta GO!  
     And seein' as I can't  
 I guess I'll jest den up  
     And suck my paw.

## THE EGGS

"Oh Parent, these are thy magnific deeds."

An hausfrau set a carrion crow  
Upon a clutch of eggs  
Sent down fresh gathered  
From the Hohenzollern farm  
At Junkerfeld,  
Sweet village of the plain  
Of Brandenburg.  
They hatched,  
And wriggled from the slime and broken shells  
Of all save three  
A brood of vipers  
Helmeted with horns,  
And from those three  
A fledgling trinity of vulture breed  
More fierce and foul  
Than any lammergeier of the Alps,  
Hate, Fear, and Frightfulness.  
These did the foster-parent brood  
And cherish to its breast.  
These did the hausfrau, proud and pleased  
To find the stock all thoroughbred  
Feed high on witches' broth  
Of newt and toad and carrion,  
Until at length, full grown,  
She turned them loose  
To feed and sate themselves  
Abroad.  
Forth did they go,  
East, West, to North and South  
On belly or on wing  
And ravaged and laid waste and gorged  
Until their chosen food was gone.  
Then turned they home again  
To feed,  
And while the hausfrau starves  
She shrieks  
And stops her ears  
Against the murmur of the gliding scales  
And beat of heavy wings.

## THE FOURTH LOAN

---

"We war, if war be best, or to regain  
Our own right lost."

---

Why talk of sacrificial offerings  
To Victory  
When the high priest has bowed his head  
To Baal!  
Why pledge the country's honor, blood, and gold  
Against a phrase  
That may make waste of all!  
Why?  
That this People may maintain its vow,  
Despite its phrasemongers and palterers,  
Of righteous retribution  
On the steel spiked heads  
And beat them down.  
So let the People that has stood behind  
Now stand before  
And take this war of theirs  
Into their hands  
And handle it!

## INSURANCE

---

"for such another field  
They dreaded worse than Hell."

---

What need of Leagues, Alliances and Covenants  
Of peoples freed from Kings  
For Peace!  
What need of delegates abroad in conference  
For fashioning new laws  
And graving them  
Upon the sands of Time  
When every People holds within its hand today  
Its destiny  
Of Peace or War!  
Let each enact  
When in the chambers of Democracy  
Men lift their voices up  
In speech of War  
With all its ravings, wavings and phrasemongerings,  
That those of the elect who speak the words  
Shall make them good  
With their own bodies in the forefront line  
Or swallow them.  
And if the great adventuring  
Be one of righteousness  
The Demagogues alone  
Will choke.

## THE VOTE

"The fairest of her daughters, Eve."

Our mothers cannot vote ;  
Our daughters will ;  
Friend wife still pairs with us.  
Our sisters are the wives of other men.  
Swathed widows seek heartsease  
In other things.  
But why, with War  
And bargain counter set  
For surcease from the cradle and the stove,  
Seek now the Women People of the land  
This further ferment  
For their own  
With politics adjourned ?  
They seek not slaughtered sales  
When stores are closed  
For window dressing  
For the coming day,  
But watch and wait,  
And then rush in  
And storm the marked-down Paradise,  
Taking this home for  
.98  
Or that for  
.49.  
But now the die was cast.  
Fate answered  
"No,"  
And fair Columbia  
Mother of us all  
Again was freed  
From slavery.  
What worth had been the prize if gained  
Had it but served to be the precedent  
That even in grim times like these  
One man  
Can come dragooning on a hobby horse  
And over-ride the will  
Of Sovereign States!

What were your puny votes to theirs:  
Let be,  
And when your men come home again  
From battlefield, or camp, or hospital,  
From making the world safe  
Abroad  
They'll make it safer  
Here.  
They who have faced machine guns in their lairs  
And choked them dumb  
Can face a typewriter.  
They who laid low Death's Head Hussars  
Can handle  
Broomstick Cavalry.  
And when rebuilding of the Nation's house  
Shall come  
And in new order of establishment  
Safe shall it stand,  
Their love for you regained,  
Their memory of those who with all lost  
Could give  
Of woman's care and tenderness,  
Their new-born wonder  
At the new-born loyalty and comradeship  
Of all of You  
Will make it sure as sets the sun that day  
Some night they'll bring you home  
A Ballot Box  
With roses wreathed  
And full of chocolates.



## HENRY FORD ENTERS THE SENATE

"Then stayed the fervid wheels."

Throttle open, every nut sprung loose,  
(Can you hear the whizzy whirring of the wheels?)  
The Senators sighed sadly and they said  
"What's the use!"

(Can you hear the whizzy whirring of the wheels?)  
Hennery skidded up the Avenue  
Followed astern by the Peace Ship crew,  
All cranked up and no place to go  
Till Hank got the W<sup>2</sup> double O;  
Honking paeans in the victor's praise,  
Scattering roses from their big bokays.

(Can you hear the whizzy whirring of the wheels?)  
Then came the Pacifists in full platoons;  
Piffers and Palterers and smug Poltroons;  
Brass-lunged orators and loud-mouthed bluffs;  
White livered whisperers and pussyfoot muffs;  
Big white feathers in their new silk tiles,  
Faces shining with their greasy smiles,  
Following hot-foot after Hen,  
To get their feet in the trough again.

(Can you hear the whizzy whirring of the wheels?)  
Hennery braked her at the White House door.

(Can you hear the whizzy whirring of the wheels?)  
The President was listening and said  
"One more!"

(Can you hear the whizzy whirring of the wheels?)  
Then said Hen: "Mr. President

You wrote for to run, so I run, hell bent.

That Cincinnati feller who left his plow

He hain't got nothin' on Detroit, I vow,

When he knocked off for to go to fight the Turks,

For I blew the whistle on the whole dern works."

(Can you hear the whizzy whirring of the wheels?)

Then said the President "You sure done good.

I thought my meaning would be understood.

Now just to save you from the writers' cramp

May I not present you with this rubber stamp?"

"Fine," said Hen, "mighty handy too.

Stampin' is the very best thing I do.  
 I've stamped out Lizzies and I've stamped out boats,  
 I've stamped out vice and I've stamped out votes.  
 I'll stamp this here on anything you say;  
 I'm the best little stamper in the U. S. A."  
 (Can you hear the whizzy whirring of the wheels?)  
 Said the President, watching the procession pass,  
 "A useful anymile is the ass.  
 A few big words and a few soft pats  
 And the world grows safer for us Democrats."  
 (Can you hear the whizzy whirring of the wheels?)  
 When they came under the Capitol dome  
 They all united in Home Sweet Home,  
 Roaring it up like cannon thunder  
 Clean to the roof of the rotunda,  
 Until Hen left the joyous din  
 And went to the Chamber to be sworn in.  
 (Can you hear the whizzy whirring of the wheels?)  
 Tom stepped down from the lofty rostrum  
 Glad hand out with an "Ecce Nostrum!"  
 "Do you solemnly swear to do as you're told?  
 All right then; come into the fold.  
 Now you're a seated Senator."  
 "Sure," said Hen, "Whadja take me for?  
 Speakin' of seats, where's the one I get?  
 I've bust a tire and I'd like to set."  
 (Can you hear the whizzy whirring of the wheels?)  
 Says Tom, "You'll find a vacant chair  
 With those good Democrats over there.  
 Of course you are non-partisan  
 But that gang there is Republican."  
 "I guess," said Hen, "'Twould be more my style  
 If I squat right down in the middle of the aisle."  
 (Can you hear the whizzy whirring of the wheels?)  
 When he had come to the appointed spot  
 Says Hen, "Boys, here's a little speech I've got.  
 I stamped it out just before I come  
 And it's a humdinger too, by gum!"  
 Soon as Hennery began to read  
 The Senators started on a mad stampede  
 Each one dashing for the open door  
 Yielding to Hennery the whole blamed floor,

All but Tom for the getaway,  
And he, poor devil, was paid to stay.  
(Can you hear the whizzy whirring of the wheels,  
The whizzy lizzie whirring of the wheels?)

## NEW HAMPSHIRE

---

**"Till by two brethren . . . sent from God to claim  
His people from enthrallment they return."**

---

Hold fast, New Hampshire!  
Praises be  
That still your granite hills  
Which gave to build  
The Plymouth sands  
Have kept sufficient grit in them  
To serve your freemen and yourself  
When turned they quick  
Beneath the foot of Liberty  
When sought she them again!  
More praises be  
That still New England has the backbone  
Standing stiff  
Where hand of God erected it for time of need  
With politics regained!  
Let Washington,  
Aye, Jefferson,  
Proclaim your honor bright  
With beacon lights,  
And with them on your path,  
The Keyes to Wisdom's treasure house in hand  
And your own chosen Moses guiding you,  
Seek you the Promised Land of leadership  
In Truth!

## OLD PAPERSIDES

---

"My voice thou oft hast heard and hast not feared."

---

Aye, tear the Constitution up!  
What is it between friends  
But frayed and faded fussiness  
That stays us from our ends!  
Down with such outworn paper scraps  
With Emperors and Kings!  
Long live the Demautocracy  
The Newest Freedom brings!

Let Senators in silence sit  
While some old moss-back prates  
Of Bill of Rights and Articles  
And Sovereignty of States.  
Let Legislatures rage and roar  
At lost prerogative  
They say they only meant to yield  
And not to grant and give.

What matter little things like these  
When the All-Wise has planned  
To hold the Nation's fate within  
The hollow of his hand!  
Aye, tear the Constitution up!  
It makes for party war.  
How can it serve grim times like these  
When one man's will is law!

## ENVOI

From Democrats and Demagogues  
Demautocrats evolve  
To press their points upon the world  
And all its problems solve.  
But as the mind dwells on these things  
The legend seems to linger  
Of one who pressed a point too hard  
And found he'd pricked his finger.

## THE SPOILED CHILD

---

"He ended frowning, and his look denounced  
Desperate revenge."

---

Surrounded with the gifts of all his clan,  
Proud father, mother,  
Grandmothers fond to foolishness,  
Uncles and aunts, by blood or by brevet,  
Sat the spoiled child,  
King in his father's house.  
High on the painted walls of germproof nursery  
An endless file of fat white ducks  
Paraded in their waddling processional.  
Below  
Young Peter Rabbits skipped behind the bright array  
Of flags of foreign lands  
With Stars and Stripes  
Above the Bed of State.  
Here was the Throne.  
There the arrayed appliances  
Of toilet table for the Grand Levee.  
Fruits and confections rare  
Lay stored at hand for him  
And princely robes of wool and silk  
Or diaper.  
Here stood the flaring instrument  
Through which his Merry Man  
And Fiddlers Three  
Might seek to win his smile  
And friendly audience.  
Here was his library of pictured scrolls  
And tablets cubeiform of wood.  
Here were his fighting men,  
Horse, foot, dragoons and guns.  
Here lay his naval armament  
Careened,  
And here his airplane fallen to the earth  
Beside the trackage for his special train  
Derailed  
In fierce collision with the new red motor car,  
While in a corner stood his Arab steed

Unexercised and eating off his head.  
Here ebon Dinah sat,  
Duenna of the pink-cheeked white-trash odalisques  
Who had supplanted her,  
With button eyes fixed grim  
Upon the prostrate form of one in khaki clad  
Who seemingly like amorous Arabian  
Had sought to love and die.  
Gorged but not sated  
Cried he still for more,  
And howling like an infant catamount  
Slapped the sad face of her who gave him life  
Because she would not let him choke himself  
Upon a sugar tit.

## THE PIE

---

"Taste this, and be henceforth among the gods."

---

At the Thanksgiving table of the world  
Sat the grim keeper of the boarding house  
Intent upon the serving of the new mince pie  
Of Peace.  
C'ounting with frowns the noses 'round the board  
She cut  
As Rhadamanthus would  
According to her will,  
First into fourteen segments,  
Then four more,  
Then five,  
And placed the sweetmeat in the housemaid's hands  
To pass the mangled fragments  
Of her equity.  
Whereat young Tommy,  
Speaking for himself  
And Tony and Gaston  
Said with a grin,  
"Thanks awfully old dear,  
We're quite fed up  
And are not taking any."



## "THE REAL COLONEL HOUSE"

---

### "Armed with Hell flames and fury."

---

The human eye will only see  
In me a man of Destiny  
Sent to our great democracy  
To save it from its fall,  
And by my skilled diplomacy  
Wrapt in its veils of secrecy  
Maintain its due supremacy,—  
But that ain't me at all!

For I'm a Texan bold and free!  
Yip! Yip! Yip!  
The ranger's is the life for me!  
Hip! Hip! Hip!  
I love the joys of border-strife  
With smoking gun or bowie knife!  
Oh hully gee! That is the life!  
Zip! Zip! Zip!

With Emperors and Kings I lunch,  
With Premiers and all that bunch,  
And hand 'em all the latest hunch  
I've had on their affairs.  
But though they never seem to see  
A thing the way it looks to me  
The President and I agree,  
So who in Texas cares!

For he's with me and I'm with him.  
Yip! Yip! Yip!  
My other name is Whispering Slim.  
Hip! Hip! Hip!  
If I can't knock the steerin' gears  
Off all them other Texas steers  
I'll be bucked off and buy the beers!  
Zip! Zip! Zip!

I fixed the war so now I'll grease  
The fourteen wheels of Perfect Peace  
And fix some laws so wars shall cease  
Forever and a day.  
So I shall be a resident  
Of gay Paree while I invent  
A League that wants a President  
Who'll do just as I say.

But I'm a Texan bold and free!  
Yip! Yip! Yip!  
The ranger's is the life for me!  
Hip! Hip! Hip!  
Then back to Texas I shall hie  
And die as all good rangers die  
And in my boots and spurs I'll lie.  
R.I.P. R.I.P. R.I.P.

## THE PUBLICISTS

---

"A solemn council forthwith to be held  
At Pandemonium."

---

With Dove returned again  
From clearing skies,  
Emerge the Publicists  
Like woodchucks from their holes,  
Noses a-twitter,  
Furtive eyes alert  
For sniff or sight of lurking danger near  
And popping back again,  
Or finding peace assured  
Up on to tail  
To chatter to the Universe.  
No minds or business of their own  
They set them up to mind  
The business of the world,  
Flinging a billion here,  
An harvest there,  
Pawing the fragments of a shaken continent  
As idiots delight  
In jigsawed puzzledom.  
Within the galaxy that seeks to shed its light  
High, self-exalted, sit  
The long-haired men  
And short-haired women folk  
The whole world's massed artillery alone  
Could still,  
Come forth again  
To find blood-brothers  
In the Bolsheviks  
And milk of human kindness  
In a Kurd.  
With them grim-visaged virgins sit,  
Come from the cooking of their mid-day calories  
On patent oilless lamps  
In lonely kitchenettes,  
Wise in their utter ignorance of all  
That might have made them worth  
Their keep,

Yet holding themselves out  
As ones most fit and formulaed  
For universal motherhood.  
Here those who prate  
As patriots  
And flaunt the flag they wave  
Above their own self-seeking heads  
In touching it,  
Yet seek to bear the glory of it forth  
As standard bearers  
For the world.  
There brood the bloodless intellectuals  
All bodyless,  
Who needs must claim to brains  
Or stand in Bankruptcy  
To Life.  
At hand with these  
Those who with shiny eyes  
Upon the Social Evil fixed,  
Gloat over it  
And find it private good  
For what obsesses them  
In secret thoughts and picturings,  
Canting obscenities in pseudo-science phrase  
And hounding down  
The promenading prostitute  
Whose chiefest sin was  
That she would have none of them.  
Here those so drunk with spiritual arrogance  
No lesser stimulant will serve their needs,  
And claiming to be  
Prohibitionists  
Make desert places where the vineyards were  
And seek by a New Miracle  
To turn red wine  
To ditchwater.  
Here sit in high degree  
With liars, plain and damned,  
The statisticians, abacus in hand,  
Telling its beads  
As priests upon their rosaries,  
Prepared to put the Q. E. D.

To any ass's bridge,  
With lights so dim and fogged  
Let us cross none at all  
Until we come to them  
But stagger on in faith  
As we were wont to do,  
And see things in the light  
That may be given us  
As it was wont to be.

## THE SPIDER

"Whence and what art thou, execrable shape?"

Like spider fallen in the cheapened mucilage  
With which our stamps and envelopes  
Are sparsely smeared  
For future loss or opening,  
With hooks and claws upstuck  
And clogged for functioning  
He crawls within the web  
Of tangled cables, wires crossed, lines wireless,  
Star routes and routes beneath the stars,  
In which he makes his lair.  
One line alone runs straight,  
Down Pennsylvania Avenue  
Thereto,  
From never ceasing clicking typewriter  
To ever listening ear  
Attuned harmonious  
To every hint  
Of still more wire entanglements, whereon  
The freedom of the Nation's speech  
May be impaled  
And make the world more safe  
For Demautocracy.  
This high resolve in mind,  
At idle times  
He listens in on other private lines  
Which, found vibrating inharmonious,  
He disconnects,  
And hands the excommunicated ones  
To the Attorney-General.  
Secretly serviceable spies,  
Detectives and inquisitors  
Bring him, Special Delivery,  
The well steamed mail,  
Abated or delayed,  
Of those marked down suspect  
Of Non-Conformity,  
Or lovers' kisses cabled in a code  
For stern deciphering.

The wires flutter full  
Of victims  
Yet he seeks  
To spread the web still tighter  
On the land  
Until at length  
With public service turned  
To public servitude.  
Master and man may rest  
And be content.

## THE NEW FREEDOM

---

"A cry of Hell-hounds never ceasing barked."

---

The Kings are dead!  
Long live the Bolsheviks!  
Those other Hairy Ones  
Who keep the flames of Liberty alive  
With castles, shrines, and factories  
And bombs  
The while our gentle Goddess-down-the-Bay  
Exalts her puny torch,  
Itself paid tribute to the Minotaur  
Of Capital.  
Now let us salvaged Democrats proclaim  
The Verities,  
Our Freedom Absolute  
With theirs  
On land as on the seas,  
Each one to be his brother's judge  
And executioner  
At will  
In case his sense of equity be dull  
And he refuse to share with us  
His wife and goods  
In equal opportunity of love and squandering.  
That is the life!  
And having drained it to the dregs  
Upon the well worked world  
Let us lie down, drunk equally  
And die,  
And free our rotted souls in the equality  
Of Time  
And Space.



## BARNEY BARUCH

---

"From what consummate virtue I have chose  
This perfect man."

---

Barney Baruch, what is this that we're hearin' now,  
Lavin' the bulls and the bears a-careerin' now,  
Droppin' yer shears in the midst o' the shearin' now,  
All fer a job fer a dollar a year?

Barney Baruch, tell us what is the mystery;  
How come ye sittin' there in the consistory  
Lavin' the ticker to go makin' history!  
Oi, yer the knowin' one, Barney me dear!

Lave the byes in on it!  
There'd be no sin on it,  
Sure, and they'd win on it,  
Backin' yer luck.

Here's to the plootocrat!  
Here's to the noovocrat!  
Yer the foine Dimocrat,  
Barney, me buck!

Barney, we're done with the war and the fightin' now.  
Look on the wall and ye'll see some more writin' now  
Tellin' ye plain that ye soon will go kitin' now,  
Rattlin' round loike the peas in a pod.

Barney Baruch, what the hell are ye doin' there!  
Barney Baruch, don't ye see trouble brewin' there!  
You and the loikes of ye'll make wreck and ruin there.  
Sure we have had enough of ye, be God!

It's the high climb ye had;  
It's the foine time ye had;  
Now out ye go me lad  
Back to yer push.

We'll do the best we can  
With an American  
More on the good ould plan,  
Barney Baruch!

## READJUSTMENT

---

"Oh glorious trial of exceeding love."

---

With peace declared, one Jack  
A gob,  
Came back from raging main  
And found a Jane  
Was holding down his job.  
So what to do with him  
Now Uncle Sam was through with him.  
While Boards, Commissions, Statisticians  
Fought and wrangled  
And got their red tape and themselves  
Tied up and tangled  
Jack never tarried.  
And now they are married.

## ON PARADE

---

**"Pursue these sons of Darkness, drive them out."**

---

"What are the bugles playing for? Who's havin' the parade?"

"The Fightin' Nint's come home again," the color sergeant said.

"An' who is that a-leadin' 'em up there behind the band?"

"It's Eddie Logan back again, up where he oughter stand.

They thought they'd put him on the bum

Back over there in France.

They took away his epaulettes,

They took away his pants.

If Baker'd had his sneaking way

He'd never had a chance,

But Eddie Logan's wearin' 'em this mornin'."

"Where are the boys a-headin' for, a-marchin' on parade?"

"They've started on a long long trail," the color sergeant said.

"I never seen 'em totin' packs a-marchin' on parade."

"They've got a damn long ways to go," the color sergeant said.

"The're goin' to get Charlie Cole. He's down to City Hall.

They tried to queer our brigadier, the best one of 'em all.

And then the're goin' up to pay the Grand Old Man a call,

And start off on the trip tomorrow mornin'."

"Where are they goin' to from here, a-marchin' on parade?"

"The're goin' west, the're goin' west," the color sergeant said.

"Ain't Leonard Wood out there somewhere commandin' a brigade?"

"The're goin' to bring him home again," the color-sergeant said.

"For they dirty double crossed him when he tried to make 'em start

To get in line with decent men and let us do our part,  
And now he's out in Kansas a-eatin' out his heart,  
But he'll be feelin' better some fine mornin'."

"Where are they goin' to from here, a-marchin' on parade?"

"The're goin' down to Washin'ton," the color-sergeant said.

"What are they goin' to do down there, a-marchin' on parade?"

"Clean out the whole damned Bakery," the color-sergeant said.

"For they've seen enough of slackers and they've heard enough from clerks ;

They've fought with God's own fightin' men and know 'em by their works,

And little Snootie Baker, the boss of all the shirks,  
Will get what's comin' to 'um in the mornin'."

## THE MIRRORS

---

"War seemed a civil thing

To this uproar; horrid confusion heaped  
Upon confusion rose."

---

High through December skies  
Like their own snowflakes flying on the wind  
Wing the white doves of Peace  
Foregathering palaceward  
Where the Black Eagle hatched  
Its monstrous egg.  
Below them  
On the wreck strewn seas  
Swift ships surge on the way  
With flying banners,  
Flaming lights,  
And bands a-blare  
In joyous junketting  
Where all so recently  
Reigned silence and the blackness of the night,  
Or sounded shots and shrieks.  
Through shellpocked fields,  
Past shattered skeletons and ghosts  
Of homes  
Rush roaring engines  
Training palaces  
In mock of them;  
Refectories with birds and bottles stored  
Where famine stalked;  
Well lighted offices  
Replete with clerks and copyists,  
Pale faces peering forth through window panes  
To see where heroes died  
Beneath the sky.  
And in these ships and trains come  
Men  
To pass upon the problems of the world,  
But first  
To pass before the mirrors in the gallery  
And see themselves  
Where one King saw in his reflected self

The State ;  
Another,  
Death.  
So let these men take heed  
In their own crystal gazing there  
That all that each one sees  
In turning to twist collar or cravat  
In surreptitiousness  
Is but a man,  
In all his weakness  
And his strength ;  
In all his justice  
And his knavishness ;  
In all his wisdom  
And his vanity ;  
Alone,  
Save for the Spirit  
Of his native land.

## APPEAL

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"I when no other durst, sole undertook  
The dismal expedition."

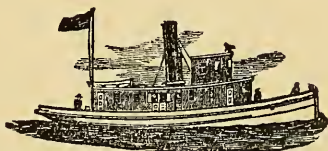
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Stay, brother Demos of the flaming heart  
With torch of Liberty in hand!  
Stay!  
Hast thou then given the once over  
All so recently  
To thine own old home town  
And found all's well  
That thou dost fare thee forth  
To cast thy light  
On Timbuctoo  
And Samarcand?  
Dost thou, unlearned in tongues,  
Dare rush into the Babel of the world  
To wag thine own  
In fevered phrases  
Indeterminate  
And definitions  
Of the undefinable?  
Hast it in mind  
To enter thy Leviathan  
And cross the seas  
As Jonah did  
To utter prophesies?  
Art thou so apt and versed  
In thy geography  
That thou canst give in winged words  
The metes and bounds and capital  
Of Oklahoma  
Here at home  
That thou shouldst seek to toy  
With ancient monuments,  
And set up citadels  
Abroad?  
Hast ever marvelled why the brotherhood  
Of Damon and his Pythias  
Has stood remarkable?  
Dost thou not know the brotherhood  
Of men  
Though brothers born

Must be assured  
Ere Nations glow with it?  
Dost thou not know  
That what through thine own spectacles  
Is visioned Truth  
Through those of other men as wise  
Is foolishness?  
What are thy godlike attributes  
To let thee plead  
And serve as arbiter  
Upon thy cause?  
Stay, brother, stay!  
Turn in thy transportation overseas  
And turn thyself  
To kindred subjects nearer to thy hand.  
In thy solicitude  
For lesser nationalities,  
Now in the coming year  
Let the poor weak minority  
Within this greater one  
Work out its destiny in self-development  
Autonomous  
And have a look-in now and then  
Upon the Nation's business  
Vouchsafed with kindly smile  
And jovial word.  
If thou wouldst render colonies  
To Caesar  
Back again,  
Transplant those settled in our midst  
From fair Hibernia  
And send them home to her  
To rule Britannia  
As they would rule us.  
If thou wouldst succor Poles  
And make them free  
Or further license  
Bolsheviks,  
Seek out the sweat shops where they toil  
In bondage  
To their Jewish overlords.  
If seekest thou the freedom of the seas  
Make thou the trip to Coney  
Free



And there suspend the fees  
That cleanliness must pay  
To prudery.  
Wouldst have free trade?  
See to it that the apple woman sits  
And earns her pittance  
Without tax imposed  
By the patrolman's petty larcenies,  
And let the smiling sons  
Of Greece and Italy  
Push their perambulating fruiteries  
Free  
From tribute paid  
To Tammany.  
Seekest thou Brotherhood  
With thou  
The biggest, wisest brother  
In the company?  
This too is at thy hand.  
Seek thou as midnight peals  
One of those myriad caravansaries  
Upon the Great White Way  
Most bright  
When blackest is the night,  
And sitting in with some chance group  
Of thirsty free Americans  
Purvey them beverages  
Freehandedly.  
When tolls the parting knell  
And feet uncertain set upon  
Their devious paths  
Each man of them  
Will clasp you to his breast  
In brotherhood!  
Surely, but thou wilt stay  
For this!  
Thou wilt not?  
Farewell!



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Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide  
Treatment Date: OCT 2012

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